

Jooseppi raised his head and wagged it ^{as} ~~each time~~ they slapped him on the back, his damp hair falling in his clouded eyes, and he would point at his partner, old August Salo, and say: "My partner did as much as I did.... Damn it, I tell you I couldn't have done it without ol' August, could I, ol' August? You tell 'em, August." And August would beam and shake his head, spilling the whiskey over his thick fingers. "No, no, Jooseppi did it. He's being da God damn bes' miner I ever ^{workit.} ~~work with.~~" Then "wheek" -- and away he would go in a gale of hiccoughing.

It was a summer Saturday night and ^{also} pay day, a bad combination, and Tauno Saari's saloon was packed with Finnish miners, most of whom simultaneously sought to whack Jooseppi their congratulations on his having broken the record of the great Uno Korpi, by getting out during the past month more dirt, by mining more ore, than even the great Uno Korpi.

A big tear ran down August's wrinkled cheek. "I never believe it 'less I see dat business ^{mine} my own bloody eyes," August confided to the crowd. "My old partner Uno was twice for bigger dan Jooseppi....and now my young partner Jooseppi he's breaking record for poor Uno who is gone...."

During the past month Jooseppi and his partner, August Salo, had beaten by twenty-three tons the record of that gloomy Finnish giant, Uno Korpi, whose prodigal feats of strength and endurance were still discussed ^{with awe} by miners along the entire Northern iron range.

But Uno was dead and his great arms were still, for he drank whiskey and loved women like he mined ore -- blindly, angrily, and with all his strength -- and then one quiet Sunday morning he was found lying in an alley behind Big Annie's, his bloody tongue between his teeth, the handle of a trim hunting knife protruding ^{neatly} from his broad back, one of his great gnarled fists clutching a handful of long ^{straw-colored} ~~blonde~~ hair.

"Henry Harju said last night in the dry that Jooseppi is best miner in all the Iron Cliffs' mines," a young miner said, beaming at Jooseppi.

Trammer Waino Aho said he supposed even little Jussi Saastamoinen would be regarded as a great miner if he were going to marry the daughter of the shift boss. Since Jussi was a humpbacked, sad-eyed, dough-witted little Finn who swept and swabbed the dry at the mine, the crowd of miners roared with heavy ~~squalls of~~ laughter. But the laughter was mostly rumbling, good-natured laughter, for Jooseppi was a great favorite with his fellow miners.

The proprietor, Tauno Saari, came in from the back room and gravely congratulated Jooseppi and old August for their record. Then he turned and called to his bartender, in Finnish, "Drinks for the house! Drinks for the house! Tauno Saari buys the drinks when the best miner comes to his place."

The accordion player at Big Annie's desperately squeezed out a polka, as old August Salo bear-danced and plodded around the warm room with Big Annie herself -- Big Annie, mistress of the oldest house in Iron Cliffs, peering down her big blue nose, contorting her slake-limed features into a grimace of ^{feminine} ~~female~~ allure, ^{gorlically shaking her straw-colored head,} heavily dancing with her buniony feet, her rim-fat legs shuddering and jelling to the rhythm of the music.

"Looks like your partner is out for the count, Honey," she breathed into old August's ear. "When they don't fall for little Peggy they're either blind or out....But I have you, don't I, my little August?....Don't you want to rest now? Ah, come now, Honey, come into Annie's ^{bed} room and we'll have a little rest...."

Out in the kitchen Jooseppi sat against the wall, his long legs widely sprawled out, and on his sliding lap a fuzzy blonde with bleeding lips clung hungrily around his neck, rumpling his hair. ~~He~~ Jooseppi stared stupidly into the deep shadows of her eyes.

"Wake up, snap out of it, Slim! Doesn't Peggy's great big handsome love his Peggy any more?....C'mon, Slim, you good-looking ~~son of a bitch~~ -- I passed up lots a calls tonight to stay with you ^{and} and then you go droopy just when true love comes at last to little Peggy."

Freshet of tears, now, pulling of hair, incredible pouting and female cooing -- incredible except that it was happening.

"Doesn't Peggy's great big miner want to put his poor little Peggy to bed....Peggy so tired....oh so tired...."

From Jooseppi: "Ol' Augus' did as much as I did....WHEEK....ask good ol' Augus....he'll tell you...."

"You God damn son of a bitch."

At dawn came a pounding on the kitchen door, a pounding and rattling, and muttered Finnish curses, and at length the gargoyle called Big Annie, a moving oat sack in a flannel wrapper, padded and flapped barefoot to the kitchen door, peered out the slot, lifted the bar, and admitted Henry Harju, who grinned at her sheepishly.

"Listen Annie, I'm ^o looking for ^{the} young Maki -- Jooseppi Maki. Is he here?"

"In with Peggy, Henry. Help yourself."

Quickly striding through the living room and opening a door, Henry Harju knelt over the iron bed upon which lay the sprawled forms of Jooseppi and the girl called Peggy.

"Jooseppi! Wake up." Henry Harju shouted in Finnish, rubbing Jooseppi's face, flopping his head, "Wake up, Jooseppi. Listen what I got to say....I ^{trails you, I} looked all over Hell for you last night...."

Jooseppi sighed, worked his dry lips and opened his eyes: "'Lo, Henry. Time for work already? Where's Augus'? Find ol' Augus'."

"Jooseppi, Jooseppi. Come with me. I got to get you sober. Listen.... Captain Hampton's coming to my house today to see you and me....Listen, Jooseppi, they're going to make me boss on the day shift and you're going to have my job."

"What you say? What?"

"You're going to be a boss at the mine, Jooseppi. Come on, get up and come with me."

"Can I bring my lil' Peggy?"

"Come on with me or I'll tie you up and take you."

"All right, all right, Henry, I'll come. Awful sleepy, though."

Giuseppe and Anne went to Minnesota on their honeymoon. Live at the Maki farm after they returned from their short honeymoon trip to Minnesota. Anne was reluctant to live on the farm, but ~~you~~ there seemed no ^{other} way.

"You see, Anne," Giuseppe would ~~say~~ repeat, as this sore topic would be brought up almost nightly, when J.'s mother had retired, "you see, dear, I cannot leave aiti here on the farm alone — and she will not leave the place."

And, so the months rolled on, a year, two years passed, and the minister ^{at Section One} began to wonder if Giuseppe would ever need the book they had given him at his wedding. They had no way to divine the real reason — that Anne would not have children, 'not for five years, Giuseppe' — and never so long as we live on this farm. I'll never have my children born to the meanness, ^{and hardship} of farm life."

Giuseppe at first laughed at this stand Anne had taken, but when she

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A tall miner and Julie Downer stood ^{in the shaft} in the dim, steaming shafthouse of the Company's No. 1 mine, waiting for a cage to take them underground. The miner was adjusting the ~~the dry cell light back battery in the belted sack~~ ^{canvas} about her waist, ~~and the rubber insulated "tail" from the dry cell battery in the belted canvas sack~~ on her back up and over to the reflector on the front of her hard miners' hat.

When he had finished the miner stood back regarding her, smiling, and said, "There, ^{show} you look like a real miner - almost."

Julia laughed, ^{with her lips,} rich contrasts. "Oh, thank you, Mr. Mackey. But why 'almost'?"

Joseph looked at her solemnly for a moment, ^{then smiled,} and said, "Because there is so little beauty about mining.... and you are a beautiful ^{girl}."

Just then ^{from above} a skip dumped its load of ore into the chute, and their conversation was ~~silenced~~ ^{silenced} by ^{a terrific} the reverberating roar ^{from above} of the falling chunks of ore which made the ground shake where they stood.

When it had passed Julie said, "What was that terrible noise - is the mine coming in - ^{and} what were you ^{just} saying?" "No, that was ^{only} a skip load of ore which ^{just} just came ~~up~~ from underground and was dumped into the chutes above us, ready to be carried in trams out to the stock piles. And!

was just saying that -- that it was time
for our cage to be along. And here it is."

Julie and Joseph entered the large steel
cage, and Joseph pressed a button, a bell rang,
and ^{then} with breathtaking swiftness they dropped
down ^{into} the mine shaft, down through the shaft
solid rock, ^{into} ~~the~~ ^{the damp, hot} blackness except for the
beam of Joseph's light. Julie was clinging to the
iron railing gasping for her breath at the terrific
speed.

The ^{mining} town of Iron Cliffs lay in a broad swampy valley between chains of squat, bald iron bluffs. ^{Upon} From these bluffs ^{like fronts protruded}, the numerous towering shaft-houses of the iron mines. Sometimes at dusk in the shadows these ^{protruding} shafthouses looked like ^{the spines of} ~~some~~ ^{some} ancient, somnolent monsters. The region formed a part of the great pre-Cambrian shield of North America.

Beyond the town and north to the international boundary swept ^{great and swampy} forests and lakes and more hills, covered and fringed with pines, birches, maples, cedars and tamaracks, and bearing ~~some~~ ^{jagged} rocky evidence of the ^{gigantic upheavals and} death struggles of past ^{before the Civil War} period glaciers.

Rich iron ore deposits had been discovered at the town site ^{before the} ~~shortly following the~~ ^{boom of the} ~~adventurous little groups~~ ^{came to the town to} ~~mine the~~ ^{the} ~~richer~~ ^{deposits} ~~the~~ ^{lay} near the surface, and these still looked the better, and men, ^{the laborers} tortured themselves to ^{crippled} death quarrying the great ^{hard} ~~state~~ pieces of ore from the early pits, with their ~~crude equipment~~. Stories were still told of the ^{laborer} terrible ~~toil~~ ^{toil} of these early ^{with their crude equipment, and} miners, ^{of} the patent ^{used to} ~~open~~ ^{used to} drag the huge ^{slabs} from the pits until their feet were too sore for further service, when they were killed and eaten by the mines.

After years of wild ^{quarrying} ~~slashing~~ mining by these hardy little groups, a large steel corporation ~~came~~ had come to the blustering mining camp of Iron Cliffs, had surveyed, drilled and calculated — discovering

at last that ^{even} the rich deposits, the ^{soft} hematite ore,
lay far underground — and then had
literally bought the town, mineral
rights and all. Benevolent Science ^{incorporated,} had
at last ^{arrived} ~~come~~ to regulate the back-breaking ^{toil} of man's
toil for ^{in his struggle for} life, wealth and power — and ^{mere} life.

In the shadows of ~~the~~ dusk these shaft-houses sometimes looked
~~like~~ ^{like} the spiny back of some ancient, somolent, reptilian monster.

Chapter I.

The town of Iron Cliffs lay in a broad swampy valley between chains of ancient, rugged, bald iron hills. ^{squat} These hills ^{bluffs from which protruded} were dotted with the shaft-houses of the iron mines. Beyond the ^{town and} hills, swept forests and swamps and more hills, covered with pines, spruces, birches, ^{and} maples, and bearing ^{straggles past} jagged and tangled evidence of the death of the last tired glaciers. ^{Rich} Iron ore ^{deposits} had been discovered at the town site shortly ^{following} after the Civil War, and after years of ^{hardy} wild, slashing mining by dozens of little adventurous groups, a large steel corporation had come to the mining camp of Iron Cliffs, had surveyed, ^{drilled, and} calculated, and ~~drilled~~, and then had literally bought the entire town, mineral rights and all.

Thus, gradually, a measure of respectability had been brought to the town of Iron Cliffs with the advent of the new Iron Cliffs Ore Company, ^{this} lusty corporate offspring of a great steel corporation, with its head offices in the distant state of Delaware. But the town had never lost its air of being a mining camp; this was still evidenced by the rows of frame clap-board buildings with their

~~flaps~~ & false second storeys which still stood along the main street; by the rows of ^{white-washed} stout log cabins which ^{continued to house the families of} still housed miners within a block of the new city hall; and in the haphazard, winding streets of the town, ^{which were} usually narrow, ^{but} which sometimes capriciously swelled out into a brief and pregnant stretch of inordinately broad ^{hematite} boulevard only to as suddenly collapse into a narrow, winding ^{road,} trail.

Points of the compass meant ^{little} nothing in Iron Cliffs. Two families might live on the same street, and one live on North Hematite Street and the other on West Hematite. Some of the oldest settlers -- old miners and their wives -- declared that the ^{Town} town was laid out late one Christmas Eve by a drunken Scotchman ^{engineer} during a howling blizzard.

The region formed a part of the of the southern margin of the great pre-Cambrian shield of North America.

and that the only instrument he carried was a lantern, while his lurching young assistant carried a jug.

While the town still had its prostitutes and its ^{smoking} procurers -- generally the latter were ^{panderers} usually a red-necked gentry who would not have understood the word ^{they were} pimp ^{much} less resent it, but would fight if one called them taxi-drivers -- they were chauffeurs who drove for the ^{McKenzie} auto livery, and could be found day or night ^{by the depot,} hunched over the wheels of their huge, lumbering Cadillacs, ^{or Hudson Super-Sedans,} by the depot, or arguing ^{and through the long bitter winter} or bragging around the ^{glowing} cast-iron stove ^{of the restaurant of Makela, the Finn,} in Makela's restaurant across the way. And there were still dozens of saloons, ^{arenas of} arenas for the joys and combats of the miners and lumberjacks. But the churches were slowly creeping up on them.

Each new racial group that ^{had} came to the town, attracted ^{mainly} by ready employment in the mines, brought their own religious dogmas; their own priests and clergy and magic men; their own secret lodges and grips and mysterious rituals; and thus, finally, God was divinely butchered and neatly divided among no less than a score of churches, each of which offered ^{to its stout little bands of followers} the one true ladder to heaven/.

↓ The town finally got a brick highschool, a stone fire-hall and city hall, an imposing sandstone Carnegie library, a frame skii and snow-shoe club. ^{then} The mining company had ^{finally} built a modern brick hospital and there was even talk of a Y.M.C.A. -- and the solid citizens regarded with deep satisfaction the results of their efforts to make Iron Cliff like every other small town in America. But after all it was still a mining camp, for where else in America ^{except in a mining town} could one hear the dishes ratt~~e~~ on the table following the ^{deep} shuddering blasts of ^{in the mines} iron ore under the town? Where else could one find gaunt, sprawling frame boarding houses where the menus, when there were any, were written in foreign languages? And where ^{where American} could one boil and perspire in the ^{rugged} luxurious hell of a Finnish steam bath ~~on the main street~~, while a stalwart

INSERT "A".

The mines had attracted a large number of immigrants. There were Cornishmen, straight from their tin mines; Swedes, ^{and} Norwegians, ^{and} a few Danes; many Finns, and quite a few Sicilian Italians, ^{mostly Sicilians.} Then in lesser numbers were the French, ^{largely} mostly from Canada, followed by Irish, who were usually railroad men, ^{blacksmiths, or} or firemen at the mines, ^{boilers,} and a few Scotch and Germans who were mostly tradesmen ^{and salvorkeepers} and rarely worked down in the mines.

Leopold & Sons, those inevitable representatives of the real
And *Leopold & Sons* were the two clothiers, ^{whose name was more of this,} whose race was none of these. They ran the large 'Miners Store' across ^{the square} from the ^{Company's} bank.

In this square stood a ^{copper coated} ~~black~~ cast-iron Indian ^{symbol of the struggle} ~~statue~~, ^{of the great mining} ~~statue~~, copper coated, shading his eyes, ^{peering} peering into the North, as though vainly searching for some living member of his tribe ^{of his ancestors,} which had once lived and hunted and fought in ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{sombre loneliness of the} ~~the~~ ^{surrounding} ~~the~~ ^{hills and forests.}

In this square stood a tall iron
statue of an Otchipwe Indian, shading his eyes,
peering into the North, as though searching
for some member of the tribe of his
ancestors which had once roamed and
hunted ~~out~~ ^{across} the sombre loneliness
of the ^{hills and forests,} surrounding Iron Cliffs, ^{until at last}
they had faded away ^{gradually} ~~going~~ ^{before the} ~~way~~ ^{ruthless} ~~dominant~~
grasping and ^{strung} ~~prying~~ ^{dominant} of the whites - these men
who would go down in a hole with the ground.
Thus did the last survivors of
his tribe ^{touch} ~~descend~~ ^{upon} the early years of mining,
in their Otchipwe Nagamon, their tribal
hymn:

Amamakamig dash

~~or, most freely translated, with the
greatest of license:~~

(In the bowels of the earth

The foreign devils are working.

They are gathering our metal,

They are the hired toolers;

While the big knives (Americans)

They are our despoilers.)

How incredibly dull.

From an evening deep bump on life that ~~the steam never understood~~ ^{the ~~best~~ will be} Julie's dream!

The warm moonlit northern night was wide and still. The high moon, now passionately naked in its endless quest for a mate, bathed the lonely earth in its soft light, transforming, by its sensuous female glow, the drear and prose of earth-bound things into unwritten and unwritable poetry.

Joseph and the woman, Julie, lay ~~on~~ ^{upon} the wooden pier, ~~over the water,~~ ^{both under the spell of brooding contemplation} the vast, mobile street of moonglow streaming across the lake. Around them the night-sounds, the noises and small tickings of the little objects of the earth; the soaring spung of the night birds; the hot click of grasshoppers; the shrill, endless rivalry of frogs and crickets; the gulping snore of the bullfrog and over all ~~the~~ ^a pulsing, stillness, the aching echo of a million nights in time.

^{a long while} The woman Julie tried to speak and her voice came as a husky croak as she reached for Joseph. And the Karelian, this Joseph, stepped off the pier and swam quietly into the path of the moon and the woman followed him, and then they disappeared into the deep shadows of the small, pine-clad island; and it grew still; nothing, then, but the yellow, baleful light of the moon -- that ancient procuress -- jealously dancing on the disturbed waters of the lake; -- dancing amid the gleeful small shouts and night-noises of a throbbing and victorious earth,

a fresh one, ^{Christie} "You and your friends" ^{sophistication, see me a lay for the first} ^{God damn Finlanda miner that} ^{Mikhael} ^{Mikhael}
Do, maitland ^{from how big fight - leave from Cliff - maid tells all. scandal. social oblivion for Josephi.} ^{Haw!}

Believes propinquity, fleshes his peasant in front of keeps before you!

He barked and ^{taranted} ^{beautiful} "There is a fairy about these great ^{simple} ^{mean} is going down deep into the earth for ore."

Down deep for ore, buy! Lister, my ^{female} ^{little fleet} ^{my friend's} ^{and dipped and dunked, absolute} ^{shaken} ^{with rebald, incredible, obscene squalls of}

white-faced Julie, sat dully repeating in her mind: ^{shy} ^{laughter, repeated the phrase over and over,}

A man came down the hill from the farm
house, quietly, walked out upon the pier, and stood
there for a long time with his glowing eyes.
Then he dropped the cigar in the water and
slowly walked back to join the others in
the forenoon.

Discarded - Not used.

wedding
injury
ore
good times
Anglo period
depression
pride
conclusion

HENRY HARIU
TESTIFIES vs.
AND IS FIRED
AND DIED.
LIVES AT FARM
LAWYER, APPEAL, Job.
TRIES TO GET JOSSIS
INCREDIBLY DRILL.

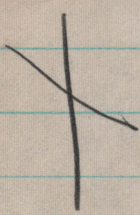
11/7/35.

Young Joseppi Maki had ^{been ready in a year and} grown into a ^{giant} tall, slender, and incredibly strong ^{one night in the dry, with hundreds of miners around,} man, and his dead father's friend, Henry Hariu, ^{to work with the mine} now next to the captain of the mine, ^{during the next several years,} declared that ^{he} Joseppi ^{was} one of the best ^{miners} in all of the Iron Cliffs mines. ^{There were} ^{only a few} ^{those} who ^{resented} this great honor being bestowed on young Joseppi like Trammert Wainio who ^{who} said he supposed even Jussi Saastamoinen would be regarded as a great miner if he was going to marry the ^{daughter} of the boss, ^{meaning} ^{since} ^{Jussi} was an engaged to Henry Hariu's daughter. ^{aged, humpbacked,} ^{sad-eyed and dough-witted} little Fin who swept and swabbed in the "dry," where the miners ate and changed and showered, this usually got a laugh from the knots of miners whom Wainio addressed. But the laughter was mostly good-natured, ^{rumbly,} lazy Fin laughter, for Joseppi was a great favorite with his fellow miners; and as a matter of fact he had ^{for two} ^{months} come within a few tons of tying the record of that gloomy giant, Uno Korpi, whose prodigal feats of strength and endurance were ^{still} discussed with awe by miners along the entire ^{northern} Iron range.

But ~~great~~ Uno was dead and his great arms were still, for he drank whiskey and loved women like he ^{blindly} ^{and with all his strength} ^{following} ^{pay day} ^{he was} ^{lying} ^{found} ^{him} ⁱⁿ ^{an} ^{alley} ^{behind} ^{an} ^{Italian} ^{resort} ^{where} ^{both} ^{these} ^{items} ^{bloomed} ⁱⁿ ^{abundance} ^{with} ^{his} ^{bloody} ^{tongue} ^{betwixt} ^{his} ^{teeth} ^{and} ^a ^{slim} ^{hunting} ^{knife} ^{protruding} ^{from} ^{his} ^{back} ^{one} ^{of} ^{his} ^{great} ^{hands} ^{clutching} ^a ^{handful} ^{of} ^{black} ^{hair}.

But Joseppi seldom got drunk, and ^{only} ^{known} ^{Fin} ^{girls}; and now he was going to marry ^{Aune} ^{Hariu}, the daughter of his ^{dead} ^{father's} ^{best} ^{friend}; and nearly every night he could be seen hunched over the wheel of his little ^{Ford}, driving up to Henry Hariu's fine house in town. For Henry Hariu ^{had} ^{been} ^{promoted} ^{next} ^{to} ^{Mr.} ^{Olds} ^{at} ^{the} ^{mine}, and he had sold his farm and got a ^{nice} ^{white} ^{house} in town, ^{owned} ^{and} ^{provided} ^{by} ^{the} ^{mine}, and ^{only} ^{two} ^{blocks} ^{away} ^{from} ^{the} ^{superintendent's}

Wainio



beautiful home, and he had a furnace and a ^{headed} garage
for his ^{new} autos, and ^{they} bought ^{him} his own milks and
eggs from the local creamery, ^{Henry Hargin} for ~~he~~ had sold his
farm and his cows and had become a town-dweller.



"Aune, I have saved ^{enough money, now,} ~~seventeen hundred~~
dollars, and I think it is time for our
marriage."

Joseppi was shining and eager and
handsome as he sat in the living room of Henry
Hargin. He was a dark ^{striking} Finn, a Karelian, ^{type}, like
his father, ~~as~~ ^{striking} quite a contrast to the blue-eyed,
~~brown~~ ^{the prevailing} straw-haired, ^{Finnish} ~~fat~~ ^{so common} Aune, who sat
beside him, her ~~her~~ full cheeks glowing with health
and love and desire; her full, ^{deep} firm ^{virgin} breasts
heaving and straining at their bonds, ~~her large blue~~
~~eyes cast down to the floor.~~

"Yes, Joseppi, I am anxious for our
marriage, too. — ^{It is} ~~but~~ Esau ^{who} wants us to live in
town ^{especially since Aiti died} and you want us to live on your mother's
farm." She looked at him, and he sat very still,
and her eyes ^{had grown dark} ~~were~~ shining and wet. "But, my
Joseppi, I cannot wait longer for you, and I will ^{even} live
^{even} in a ~~hatch~~ house to be with you — my lover."



X
clearly indicated
bony structure,

brooding
face,

The wedding: (Sat. Nov. 9, 1935.)

They were married in Henry Harjo's house. ^{downstairs in the living room}

The minister's wife played was playing Sibelius' "Finlandia" and a male quartet sang as ^{it was very beautiful and fine.} vocal arrangement in Finnish. Professor Suomi had come all the way from the Finnish-American college at St. Cloud to sing the lead, and when it was done he showed ~~them~~ the minister's wife a letter from Jan Sibelius himself warmly complementing him on the ^{vocal} splendid arrangement. The minister's wife, a large healthy, talented woman

The minister ^{Rev.} Elias Hinginen was upstairs in Henry Harjo's bedroom

That night there was a wedding dance in
the Kaleva Hall. ToivosSaari and his orchestra

The white flag was missing at the mine

Joseph Mackey

The mine bells clanged, the whistles blew, and the ^{bloody} broken body of Joseph Mackey, miner, was rushed to surface ^{lying} on a ~~drifting~~ skip - load of dripping ore.

Four frantic red miners lifted him from the skip - load of dripping ore, ^{unto a stretcher,} and ran ^{up} from the shaft-house, ^{and down to the dry,} stumbling and blinded by the daylight

Harmless, crazed Jussi Saastamoinen, ^{caretaker of the dry,} held open the door of the dry. He kept looking at floor and muttering: Colo Colo - - - - -
Joseppi colo - o - o - o. But Joseph was not dead, and ^{as though to prove it} he opened his pain-glozed

and looked blankly ^{at Jussi.} They lay Joseph on ^{or locker} the benches and removed his ^{torn} clothing

The ^{entire} right side of his body was terribly lacerated injured. His arm

Julie + Joseph
tarry & talk with his
mother and other
lunch B.H. before they

The others

The steam bathhouse.

She followed him, with

Joseph held the heavy door of the bathroom open
as she walked out. ~~As she~~ fastened the door and turned, and
Julie looked at him, her eyes ^{were wide} dark and smiling, her ~~body~~
a ~~woman~~ ^{Julie looked at him, broadest,}
beset flushed and moist from the heat, ^{begging} humble and
contrite obedience, ^{contrite and} tremulous uncertainty.

"Come," said Joseph.

"How incredibly droll," ^{she} ~~the woman, Julie,~~ ^{laughed low}
as they walked from the bathhouse.

Joseph said, "Julie, ~~you know~~, You have great
knowledge and talk well of many things. But it is ^{I do not think} not
meant ^{for every people to know} ^{her, on earth, too} much about ^{so many} important
things ^{of life}. ^{He turned to her with dark, troubled eyes, and slowly said,} And when they do, it is often that they all become
them crazy - or they die." He regarded her ^{with solemnly}.
"There are many deep things in life, ^{that we cannot understand},"
Julie laughed: "Joseph, you're an adorable,
hopeless ^{his deep chuckle, and then, half seriously:} mystic, ~~as~~ a child of nature. Julia laughed, "How does
one proceed to acquire this ^{lofty}, resigned, ^{lofty} calm
attitude towards life? Come, Joseph, teach me how!"
Joseph ^{abruptly} ^{turned bathing} got down from the tier and stood and looked
at her. ^{His look} His eyes were smoky, heavy-lidded, ^{sullen and briefly,}
~~the~~ almost gruffly, he said: "Come! Come ^{out} ^{with} the fire, woman,
and ^{listen} to the ^{fire} ^{night}. Do not talk."

The towering, ^{solitary,} hematite-stained, steel shafthouse of the mine stood on a high, rocky bluff near the west side of the broad valley of Iron Cliffs. At the foot of this bluff ~~it~~ lay sprawled the long dry, the machine shop, ^{the} blacksmith shop, ^{the} engine house, and boiler room of the Number One mine. Farther away were the miniature bluffs ^{where lay ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~ore~~ ^{for the storage}} of mined ore, the stock piles, ~~and~~ On the other side ^{of the bluff} were the offices and laboratories of the mine.

This shaft-house tower was the structure which ^{shattered} housed the vertical entrance down into the mine - the "shaft" itself, which dropped over a half-mile ^{straight} down through the ^{safe,} solid native rock. Typical of all iron mines, at various depths or "levels," like the various floors in a great building, but much farther apart, ran the ^{long} horizontal corridors, or "drifts," reaching out into the ^{distinct} ore bodies. The shaft itself was divided into It was ^{along} through these ^{twisting} long underground drifts that the tram cars brought the ore out to the shaft to be carried to the surface in the ^{great} steel elevators, or "ships."

~~Explosives etc. While the staggering largeness and cost of mining - while the vast, staggering scale on which iron mining must be conducted makes it appear mystifying and ^{endlessly} complex, the theory~~

The shaft is the ^{sole} entrance to the mine, and had ~~at least~~ three compartments, one, the ladder-way for the men, which also contained the air and water pipes and ^{electric conduits;} ~~wiring;~~ then the passage for the large ^{steel} cage, the elevators in which the men are transported, and then ~~at least one~~ ^a compartment for the ^{steel} ship, in which the ore is carried to the surface.

At the state mining school Professor Sweetland would open his freshman lectures

The business of iron mining....
But perhaps the words of Professor Sweetland
of the states mining college, ^{made} in his opening
lectures to the ~~safe~~ ^{new and} freshman, aspiring young
freshman geologists and mining engineers, would be
more authentic and accurate, if possibly less
imaginative:

"While the vast, staggering scale on
which iron - mining must be conducted
makes it appear mystifying and endlessly
complex to the average observer yet in ^{theory} reality,
as well as in ^{reality} ~~theory~~, ^{and technical progress} the operations are very
simple. ^{It is the details that sometimes confuses one.} The aim of the producer is to mine
the ore with safety, economy and despatch!

"That is why the shaft is sunk through
the native rock, just as ~~you~~ a farmer
wouldn't dig a well in soft dirt or loose rock.

The biggest bugbear to profitable mining
is the law of gravity. That is why the best
men. That is why, ^{by means of} with scrapers, raises, winzes,
chutes and inclines, ~~it~~ from the time the ^{ore} ore is
torn from the breast it is lifted ^{upwards} only once -
when the skips carry it to surface. ~~We have~~
never been able to get over

Picture, if you will,
when a hematite ore body is well
mined, it is literally riddled in the

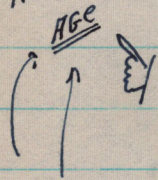
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THE LAY.

Reverie of
Auld Age

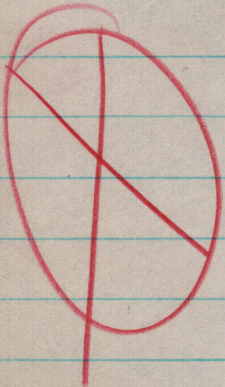
{ 18 yrs. ago I made damn near 10 bucks selling newspapers. }
Wish I could make that now!

Nov. 11, 1935.



The warm ^{moonlit} northern night was
~~wide~~ ^{still} and ~~coruscated~~ and ~~achingly~~ beautiful. The
high moon, ~~was naked and~~ ^{this night now} ~~passionately~~ ^{naked.} in its
endless quest for a mate, ~~the~~ ^{bathed the} lonely earth, bathed in
its ^{soft light} moon glow, transforming, by its ~~soft~~ ^{soft}, sensuous,
female glow, the ~~ugly and prosaic objects of earth-~~
~~bound things~~ ^{into} unwritten and unwritable ^{looming} poetry. TO HELL
YOU
SAY!

Red hair



Joseph and the woman, ^{Julie}, lay on
the wooden pier above the water, ~~the woman on her back~~
~~the man on his stomach~~, ^{under the spell of the vast, mobile} both ~~gazing at~~ ^{gazing at} street of
moonlight ^{which came} streaming across the ~~little~~ lake. Around
them the night-sounds, the ^{noises and} ~~incredibly~~ small tickings ^{and noises} of
the little ^{objects} ~~things~~ of earth; ^{the scaring spung of night hawks;} the hot click of grasshopper; the
shrill ^{endless} rivalry of frogs and crickets; the gulping ^{swak more} ~~spung~~
of the bullfrog; and ^{over all throbbing pulsing} the ~~obscure~~ ^{teaching echo,} stillness, of a million nights
ago and to come in time.

^{Afterwards} Good! ~~The woman~~ Julie tried to speak and
her voice was a husky croak as she ^{and dully} ~~reached~~ ^{and clutched} for Joseph.
And ^{the Karelian farm, then} Joseph, stepped off the pier and swam quietly into the
path of the moon and the woman followed him, and ^{then} they
~~swam~~ ^{disappeared} into the ^{deep} shadows of the small, pine-clad island; and
~~then~~ it grew still; ^{then!} nothing, but the yellow, ^{daleful} light of the
moon ^{- that ancient procreancy, -} ~~sealously~~ dancing on the disturbed waters of the lake,
dancing amid the gleeful small shouts and night noises of ^{a throbbing and} victorious earth.



(FORNICATION BY OTTO-SUGGESTION!)

Boniface

NOV. 15, 1935.

On the third night Dr. David Downer came in late from a confinement case, paused at the sideboard and poured himself a ^{half a tumbler} slug of whiskey, and then ^{heavily potatis and} went into his wife's room, turned on the light, and ^{grasping} ~~leaned~~ on the back of a chair with his bony fingers, swayed back and forth looking ^{down} at his wife, Julie. She lay, there, awake, ^{watchfully alert,} her ^{long} sleep-dusk eyes, ^{distorting} like good pieces of wet slate, while her husband glared down at her through waves of warm alcohol fumes. Finally ^{she said, softly,} Julie said, "All right, David — the ^{to go ahead} pause has been sufficiently dramatic. It's all right, now."

As though he had been pushed unto a stage, late for his lines, Dr. Downer began to ^{talk,} shout, wagging his finger, knitting his brows:

"The Belle of Baltimore! The ^{white} billowing belly of the Belle of Baltimore —" he paused, pointing his finger at her — "You and your Christly pseudo-sophistication! ^{The gal who} became a lay, a push-over, for the first God Damn Finlander miner that flexed his peasant traps ^{before} in front of you her!"

His voice ^{grew flat with} was rising in an incredible crescendo of harsh, grinding scorn. ^{But that isn't what I came to say.} Listen to this, my sweet, ^{this beautiful poetic thought} I thought of a poem to night as I was ^{pulling a bed} ~~pulling a bed~~ from the belly of a Fin. Listen! It's my own, my ^{very own.} ^{You it is —} There is a ^{exquisite, earthly} beautiful poetry about these great simple miners going down deep into the female earth for ore. "Ain't it swell, darling? ^{going} Down deep for female ore!" His voice now rose in an incredible crescendo of barking rage. "Listen, my little, my precious slut! — going down deep for female ore!"

And he howled and shivered and danced and twitched shaken with ribald, violently obscene squalls of wet laughter, shrieking, repeating this phrase,



Came to tell you he became a poet. Fact. Blatting you at your next meeting of the Dramatic Club. Went to a play next week.

5

over and over, while his white-faced wife, Julie,
lay there, ~~dully~~ ^{the words,} dully repeating in her
mind, [^] There are many ^{profound} things in life that
even the wisest will never understand, Julie woman!

And so, After the Downers ^{had} suddenly left
Iron Cliffs there ~~was~~ ^{surged} a tidal wave of ^{distorted} gossip
and ^{stony} scandal ^{and} ~~washed~~ ^{eroding} over the town, tearing
down ^{reputation,} and eroding character, ^{and} finally
steaming and bubbling in a ^{sluggish, snarling} ~~stony~~ backwash
of ^{exaggerated} ~~distorted~~ ^{of distorted} repetition. Practically
^{guzzing all this} the Downers' maid, the "hired girl", had
stood against her ^{bedroom} door in a shivering ecstasy of
knowledge, straining and listening to the
eruption, her ^{letter} ~~mind~~ ^{and aroused body,} ~~fired~~ ^{the products of} by long ~~stipulations~~
her beloved true-romances, avidly lapping up these Doctor's
words, and storing them into little pustules ^{of scandal} which
would swell and burst at the first opportunity

'They say she had minks come and sleep with her.' - 'A child is
expected in May.' 'He's ^{been} a dope-fund for years.' - 'Wild orgies in their home -
beat her with a garden hose - used to be ^{was} a chorus girl when he married her
Her favorite was a ^{air} Fami mink called Maki -

The Iron Cliffs Ore Company's
No. 1 mine was a hematite mine,
that is, the ore was ^{largely} a granulated flaky dirt
instead of the hard iron ore, ^{although} high grade specimens
bodies of both ores abounded under the town of
Iron Cliffs.

"Come in and sit down, please," said Alexis
Kivi, with grave courtesy. ~~He~~ He led them into his living quarters.
Henry Hargis spoke ^{rapidly} in Finnish: "Lawyer, Kivi,
Joseppi - Joseph - is my son-in-law. He has no
money for a lawyer." Pause. "And I have but little,
now, from buying ^{so many} stocks in the mine ^{company}. They
have made a merger and my stock ^{which I put all my money} is like as nothing.
Can you take the ^{son's} ~~boy's~~ case? the mine won't pay, they
want me to witness against him. I will not do it,
They should pay."

~~And Alexis Kivi invited~~ ~~he~~ brought them
~~into his living quarters and~~ They told him about
Joseph's ~~accident~~ injury, and he asked them many
questions. Then he ^{prepared and served} ~~made~~ coffee for them, and played
and sang a ^{familiar} Finnish folk song and played
several Finnish folk songs ^{and folk songs} while they
drank. As they were leaving Alexis Kivi said ^{in Finnish:} "I shall
prepare the papers. It is a case under the workmen's
compensation law. It is a hard case, but he should
win. If it is won, then I shall look for my reward -
~~be compensated.~~ otherwise, no pay for me."

At the hearing before the ^{assistant} commissioner
of the board of labor Joseph ^{climbed to the witness stand and} told the story of his accident.
~~Then~~ After a searching cross-examination by the
counsel for the mine company, ^{Joseph left the stand and} Alexis Kivi called
Henry Hargis as a witness and he testified that he
had ^{on} several ~~times~~ ^{occasions} warned the company's safety engineer
of the necessity of a new air-hose up into the ^{particular} raise where
Joseph had climbed the day he was hurt. "Dat hose
sound leaky and noisy like breathing of old man
when he die," brought a frosty smile from the
labor commissioner, but it was a frosty smile,
and there were no smiles on the faces of Joseph
Mackay or on the faces of the scores of miners ^{as they} who
listened to the safety engineer, ~~as called~~ ^{called} by the Company,
~~so he denied~~ that the ^{air} safety hose was defective, or that
Henry Hargis or anyone else had called any such
defect to his attention; And there was a surly, ominous
undercurrent of muttering as the ^{attorney} counsel for the
Company concluded by stating to the commissioner
"that it is apparent ~~that~~ in this case that the
claimant was grossly negligent for his own safety,
and that in any event he had not shown that any
accident had occurred, as that term has been construed
by our Supreme Court." The hearing was ended.

In three weeks Alexis Kivi ^{drove to the farm in a} ~~received~~ ^{Ford auto}
and showed ^{Joseph's} a brief notice from the Board of Labor that his ~~claim~~
claim had been denied, ~~and that every~~ ^{and that every} "I shall
appeal," said Alexis Kivi.

Aune and Jooseppi took a train trip to Minnesota on their honeymoon, staying at the home of Aune's aunt. ~~They took ski trips~~ As Aune's aunt lived in a small town in Northern Minnesota, ~~and~~ Aune and Jooseppi did not find it any warmer than Iron Cliffs, but they went ^{hiking} skating and skiing, and were ^{quite} proud when one of Iron Cliffs young Finnish riders won ^{first place at} a ski jump, ^{which} ~~was~~ took place while they were there.

It was the first time Jooseppi had been so far away, and he was delighted to see all the new sights. Their week's vacation was half over, and Aune's aunt urged them to stay longer, so ^{Aune complied and finally} Jooseppi sent a night telegram to Henry Harju:

"It's fine here in Minnesota. Aune and I are enjoying it so much. Please see if you can arrange ^{for} another week's ^{leave from} ~~at~~ the mine.
Jooseppi.

Before they arose the next morning, Aune's aunt bustled into their bedroom with an answer.

"It's fine anywhere STOP Come home ^{at once.} STOP. We need you at the mine.

Henry Harju."

^{shrieked and} Jooseppi thrashed in the bed with his ^{as Aune's heart flared,} violent laughter, and Aune flushed a deep crimson, laughing in spite of herself. "The evil old rascal," she said, "Imagine ^{my own father} ~~was~~ doing such a thing!"
(over)

Joseppi laughing weakly, finally gasped to Anne, "Don't credit your papa with such wit.... That's one of the first jokes I heard at the mine...."

"You let me send that telegram, knowing that!"

"Why, darling, it never occurred to me.... What would you of thought of your poor young husband! Perish the thought."

Aune and Jooseppi were married on New Year's Eve in Henry Harju's house. The house was overflowing with guests, miners and farmers, their wives and the older children.

For the second time Jooseppi's mother, Kapsina, wore the ^{shining, rustling} black silk dress she had ^{for the funeral} got, when Jooseppi's father was killed. Miners from both the night and day shifts were there as there was no work the next day. They were shining with soap and laughingly ill at ease in their Sunday clothes.

out } The older Finnish folks gravitated to the kitchen where the steaming Lempi, Henry Harju's housekeeper, ladled out ~~the~~ steams an endless

NO SPACE

The ceremony was performed with brevity and simple dignity by Reverend Kelenen, Jooseppi and Aune ^{knelt} on a prayer rug which the minister had brought back from the Holy Land. After Jooseppi ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{well, the minister had} kissed Aune, and Henry Harju had kissed everyone within reach, the minister's wife stood by the piano and sang ^{her} ^{modding} vigor making up for ^{any} ~~her~~ lack of training, the majestic ~~like~~ the vocal arrangement of that majestic piece, Sibelius' Finlandia. As she swung into the fourth verse, somewhat behind the piano but ^{suppiling} gaining ground, Aune looked innocently at her father, Henry Harju, ~~he~~ and winked. He ~~was~~ tugged at his mustaches in desperation but was seized with a fit of coughing just as Mrs. Kelenen, ~~from~~

~~the song~~, flushed and triumphant, finally caught up with the parso and ~~ended~~ ~~finished~~ the song.

The older Finnish folks gravitated to the kitchen where the steaming Lempi, Henry Harju's housekeeper, ladled out endless drafts of boiling coffee. Henry Harju was all over, plying between the kitchen and the living room, pausing to examine the gifts piled deep on the dining room table, ^{laughing and} grinning and digging his thumbs into the ribs of passing guests. Over all ~~there~~ was a continuous ^{flow of} hum of musical ~~and~~ conversation in Finnish.

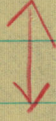
"Here, Joseppi — here is a little present from the men at Section One.... we forgot to get it here sooner." A young Finnish miner, deeply flushed but resolute, detached himself from a group and handed Joseppi a package tied in ribbons and tissue. Rune helped the fumbling Joseppi to undo the manifold wrappings and Joseppi at last ^{stood holding a} ~~held a~~ book in his hands, ^{laughing and} flushing deeply as he read the title.

"Read it, Joseppi. Read it!" said cried the young miner, thumping Joseppi upon the back.

"'What Every Young Father Should Know,'" Joseppi read, his voice finally drowned in the squalls of sudden laughter from the guests.

Henry Harju held up his hand. "Histon! It is New Year's Eve. Who knows what the future will bring for these young doves?.... Ah, I have fixed that — — Kaisa Maria will

tell their fortune." Henry Hargis then hurried to the kitchen and drove ^{all} the guests into the living room. "Come, come, Kaisa Maria will tell the future!"



↑

The old woman was fatter and larger than any person Jooseppi had ever seen. She waddled in from ^{Lempin's} ~~the~~ kitchen ^{bedroom,} guided by two of the guests, her eyes slits in her great, paunchy cheeks. They maneuvered her around and finally into a large settee over which she rolled and spread like a sow at a county fair. ^{Here} ~~She sat there breathing hard,~~ ^{breath came in short wheezing whistles as she squinted} squinting out of her little eyes, her thick legs wide apart, folding her huge arms across her pulpy breasts which flowed down her body like great sagging bladders of wine.

She was Kaisi ^{Maria} ~~Mia~~ ^{Niemi,} the Finnish fortune teller, in great demand at weddings and festivals. The men ^{quickly} carried in a tub of water from the kitchen and placed it before her, and all of the guests gathered around.

Kaisi ^{Niemi} ~~Mia~~ held up her fat hand for silence.

"Come, Mikko," she shrilled in high-voiced Finnish, "come, lazy one, we are ready."

Jooseppi and Aune giggled nervously as her little old husband, Kaisi ^{Niemi's} ~~Mia's~~ little helper, appeared in the doorway of the kitchen carrying ~~the~~ a ladle of molten lead. 'Jack Spratt,' Aune whispered to Jooseppi, squeezing his hand. The little man stood in the kitchen doorway, staring uncertainly at the crowd of guests. Then he grinned, exposing his toothless gums. Matching his leathery cheeks, he wore an ancient straw hat, the thickness and hue of a well-done waffle.

"Hurry, fool, we are waiting!"

He walked with quick, nervous steps up to his wife and handed her the ladle. Then he attempted to squeeze his spare shanks unto the settee with Kaisi ^{Niemi,} ~~Mia~~ but she casually shuddered her great hips and he was quietly deposited on the floor, where he obediently sat intently watching the ceremony which his wife was about to perform.

She held the ladle over the cold vat of water, muttering unintelligibly in Finnish. Then she suddenly dropped the molten ^{metal} lead into the hissing water, handed the empty ladle to her husband, and again folding her arms over her great breasts, closed her eyes and hummed ^a an old Finnish air, rocking slowly to and fro.

Her husband sat forward and peered down ^{to} in the tub, beady-eyed, unwinking, munching his toothless gums in rapid, wet, elastic bites, pouting out his lips, pouching out his cheeks, like a greedy squirrel. Finally: "It is ready, Kaisi ^{Niemi} ~~Mia~~," he said in Finnish, "it is ready."

With surprising agility Kaisi ^{Niemi} ~~Mia~~ bent over and dipped her arm into the tub and brought up the curiously warped and mishapen piece of lead. From its contour she would tell the fortune of the newly married pair.

Kaisi ^{Niemi} ~~Mia~~ studied the piece of lead intently. Then she held up her hand, looked at Aune and Jooseppi, speaking slowly in Finnish: "There is much sorrow ^{and anguish} in the world, my children -- and I see sadness for you, and doubt, my children, and misunderstanding. Woe is man's lot. But I see, too, finally....it is uncertain....is it happiness?....There is a chance -- --"

"Wah! Get on with you. What is this old woman's talk of unhappy business at a wedding! On with you, fat one, it is time for the dance!"

It was Henry Harju, grinning broadly, as he and the men heaved and tugged the woman to her feet and towed her ^{out} ~~back~~ to the kitchen. Then the ~~wedding~~ wedding party left for the Kaleva Hall for the wedding dance.

By ^{convulsively} March the frozen grip of winter would start to relax, but the mild periods were rare, and the ^{miners} ~~men~~ were often ^{still} eager to ^{hurry} get down into ^{the deep, warm} ~~the~~ underground where they could escape the biting March ^{blizzard} ~~wind~~ ^{might} search ^{the ~~earth~~ surface of the earth} in vain to reach them.

One night ^{at the bottom of the mine} ~~far underground~~, Joseph shivered ^{as he passed an old raise,} ~~as he passed an old raise,~~ ^{at the bottom of the mine,} used as an airshaft, ^{he shivered involuntarily} as he heard the ~~whining~~ ^{whining}, soughing echo of the wind as it whined over the ~~wide~~ opening of the ^{airshaft over two thousand feet} ~~raise so many feet~~ above him.

Joseph passed on and into the great stone chamber of the ^{room} ~~pump~~, hewn out of solid rock, where he checked over with the pumpman the number of gallons ^{of water} which the giant pumps were lifting out of ^{the ~~subterranean~~ underground} lake, or sump, where the ~~subterranean~~ ^{constant running and dripping} waters were collected.

^{It was nearing midnight and} ~~The miners~~ ^{were coming out of the ore bodies and} were passing the door of the pumproom walking along the drift to the cage ^{at the} shaft, ^{there} to be carried up to surface to eat their midnight meal at the dry.

As Joseph stood in the pumproom he observed ^{that as} ~~two miners~~ ^{were} passing the door, One of the miners was supporting the other, who appeared to be walking with difficulty. Joseph hurried out of the pumproom into the dripping drift and hailed the miners, walking up to them.

"Joseph - Mr. Mackey - my partner ^{Arvo} ~~his~~ being pretty sick. We have not been able to get out ^{only little} ~~much~~ ore for tonight.... we had to quit. The air up in our sub ^{is} being awful bad, ^{already} I was running the scraper and Arvo was ⁱⁿ ~~at~~ the breast and pretty soon his falling down on his face ^{already} and I have to

help him down out of the raise."

Joseph looked closely at the sick man, who stood swaying uncertainly in the dim light. Through the patches of red hematite his face ^{shone} ~~shone~~ with an ashen pallor and his eyes were ^{mysteriously} ~~listless~~ and heavy.

"What's your contract, Joivo?" Joseph asked.

^{the first mine.} "Number 27, Mr. Mackey.... I hope you ^{please} ~~we~~ can work.... we cannot earn ^{me and Arvo} no money if we don't get out the ore, ^{please} I think something should be done ^{for} that, ^{please} Mr. Mackey."

"That's true, ^{Joivo,} ~~men,~~ Joseph agreed. "I'll go and look at it before I ^{for} go up. Have Arvo report at the dry ^{dry that he gets paid a full shift. And} for treatment. I'll get a stemmer ^{to} finish out the shift with you."

"Oh thank you, Mr. Mackey. Thank you very much, please — for Arvo, too."

Omit

In common with ^{all of the} ~~many~~ iron mines in Iron Cliffs, ^{the} ~~the~~ it was the practice ^{of} at the Section One mine for the miners, ^{on each shift} to drill and blast out a cut of ore just before they finished their shift, thus allowing time for the air ^{blower} ~~to blow out~~ ^{clean} the powder ^{by the time the} smoke ~~and~~ out of the sub so that ^{the} succeeding shift, ^{came on, they} might work in ^{comparatively} clear air and immediately start scraping out the ^{ore} ~~cut~~ left by the other shift down the ^{various} raises into the chutes, there to be carried to the distant ship-chutes by the large electric trams.

Feb. 3, 1936

Chap.

Have miners work on cribbing, but complaining of losing money. - Have blizzard outside

One night just before the men were about to go up to the surface to eat their midnight meal at the dry, Joseph was standing in the pump-room next to the sump at the bottom of the mine. *Checking the pumpman was an important part of Joseph's duties, for* Without these enormous pumps to lift the water out of the

underground lakes, the sumps, the entire underground workings of the mine would ~~soon~~ ^{soon} become flooded. *Fanned* Joseph was talking with the ^{pumpman} engineer. *Miners*

Two miners, coming out along the drift from the raise in which they had been working, seeing Joseph in the ^{pump} engine room, came into the large underground chamber, Joseph turned to them. *distant*

"Mr. Maki, we have not been able to get out ^{any} ~~much~~ ore tonight. The air up in our sub he's being awful bad. My partner he's to feeling pretty bad, too. *So we couldn't work there, but we only feeling* I think something should be done that. *We can't make no money, if we can't get out the ore.*

"Heats too, man," Joseph agreed.

"What's your contract, Jalmer?," Joseph asked.

with the pumpman
miners
was passing the lamp from the ore body, another way to the cages.

Joseph looked closely at the sick man. Through the patches of red hematite his face shown very pale, and his eyes were lusterless and heavy.

"I'll go ~~up~~ and look at it before I go up," said Joseph.

"Have this man report at the dry for treatment."
"Oh thank you, please, Mr. Mackey. Thank you very much, please."

Joseph lit his ^{carbide} lamp and sloshed along the ^{wet} tracks of the drift, *Soon he got into the ore body, and* his lamp making wavering shadows of the huge timbers ^{just} over his head, bowed and slient from the tremendous weight which they supported. *As* ~~Soon~~ the drift forked ~~and~~ Joseph turned to the left.



He walked in on this drift about a quarter of a mile and finally came to the raise ~~where~~ leading up to the sub where the ^{two} miners had been working. He climbed up the silent, narrow dripping ~~ladderway~~ ^{ladderway} of the raise about eighty feet, coming to a ^{at last} trap door, ^{wooden hatch, or} ~~trap door~~. ^{As he climbed,} It had grown very warm, and the air appeared to be hanging in a thick black vapor. ^{shouldered his way into the sub and} Jooseppi closed the trap door, and stepped ^{carefully} over the ^{gaping} iron grill of the ^{steep} raise, down through which the ore was dumped. ^{raw} Joseph ^{choking,} sniffed the ^{some air} air and said aloud: ^{steadily} "God damned powder gas. Must be something wrong with the air line." ^{The air appeared to be hanging in a black vapor. All was silent except for the drip-ping water.} He walked ^{quickly} into the horizontal sub, the air now becoming more dense and causing his heart to pound. ^{his lamp gave a dim and, taking it in his hand,} Running ^{some fifty feet across,} ~~quickly~~, now, he reached the end of the air line and held his lamp over the end of the pipe. ^{large canvas air} The flame did not waver, but the ^{lamp} match slowly went out. The air was dead.

Joseph's breath was coming in short gasps and his ~~breath~~ ^{head of the raise,} temples were throbbing. He tried to run back to the ^{fantastic} trap door, but his legs wobbled uncertainly, drunkenly, and great waves of violet light swam before his glazing eyes. ^{He reeled along with the blackness, foolishly slipping, tripping, stumbling.} As he neared the mouth of the raise he ^{The drip of the water sounded as a roar in his aching ears.} instinctively slowed up, ^{instinctively} aware of the yawning ^{crater} mouth of the ore grill. ^{He fell down on his hands and knees, both from weakness and to take advantage of what air there might be, and attempted to crawl over the grill to the trap door into the ladderway. But even his strong body could stand the lack of air any longer -- as he started to crawl across the grill his hands suddenly} ~~he graxledxxxxxxxthaxgkikixkixxhands~~ fell from under him, and with a ^{stiffed, wheathing from his frustating lungs, he fell in the throes of horrible nightmare, he quietly,} sigh, like a restless sleeper, ^{his body} his body disappeared down ^{slapping and} the raise, ^{long} thudding hollowly in its ^{long} eighty-foot descent. Then everything ^{was still and hot and dark and still - save} ~~was still and hot and dark and still~~ only the ^{save} incessant ^{murmur, the constant} drip-dripping of the water.

He received the flame



A.

~~No new~~ → The little man stood in the kitchen doorway,
staring ^{uncertainly} at the crowd of guests. Then he grimaced,
exposing his toothless gums. ^{matching his leather cheeks, he} ~~was wearing an~~ ^{woffle}
ancient straw hat, ~~the thickness and hue of~~
~~a well-done waffle.~~ the thickness and hue of a
well-done waffle.

"~~Sorry,~~ ^{fool,} ~~lazy~~ one, we are waiting!"

Steam
hat like
a waffle (66)
Marrned on
New Year's
eve.

The Wedding. (Feb. 4, 1936.)

Have muniis give Jooseppi "What Every Young
"Night Shift - Number One muni." Father Should Know"

The old Finnish woman was
fatter and larger than any person
Jooseppi had ever seen. She waddled in
from the kitchen, ^{guided by two of the guests,} ~~of~~ her eyes little
slits in her great, paunchy cheeks. They
maneuvered her around and finally
into a large settee ^{over which} she ^{rolled} ~~where~~ ^{and}
spread, ~~crossing her great arms, her breasts,~~
like a sprout at a county fair. She sat there
breathing ^{hard,} squinting out ^{of} her little ^{her thick legs wide apart,} ^{folding her}
huge arms across her pulpy breasts, which
flowed down ~~the~~ her body like great
bladders of wine.

like a
breathing
huge
ragging

She was Kaisi Mia, the Finnish
fortune teller, in great demand at weddings
and festivals. The men carried in a tub
of water from the kitchen and placed it
before her, and all of the guests gathered around.

Kaisi Mia held up her feet hand
for silence.

"Come, Mikko," she shriiled in high-
voiced Finnish, "come, ^{one,} Lazy, we are ready."

Jooseppi and Aune giggled nervously
as her ^{little old} husband, Kaisi Mia's little helper,
^{appeared in the doorway of the}
balked in from the kitchen carrying the
ladle of ^{molten} ~~molten~~ lead. "Jack Spratt," Aune
whispered to Jooseppi, squeezing his hand. (See A)

The little ^{at} ^{he} ^{with} ^{cautiously} ^{nervous steps} ~~man~~ ^{walked} up to his wife,
his cheeks weathered leather and handed her the
ladle. Then he ^{attempted to} squeeze his spare shanks into the
settee with ~~his wife,~~ Kaisi Mia, but she ^{casually} ~~shuddered~~ her
great lips and he was quietly deposited on the floor.

where he ^{obediently} sat ^{intently} ~~wearing an ancient straw hat,~~
~~the thickness and hue of a well-done waffle,~~
~~matching his leather cheeks, intently~~
watching the ceremony which his wife was
about to perform.

She held the ladle over the
cold out of water, muttering unintelligibly
in Finnish. Then she suddenly ^{dropped the}
~~contents of the ladle~~ ^{moulten lead} into the hissing water,
handed the ^{empty ladle to} her husband, and again folding
her arms over her great breasts, closed her eyes
and hummed ^{an old Finnish air,} rocking slowly to and fro.

~~The crowd of guests pursued~~

SQUIRREL
POUCH

Her husband sat ^{forward and peered} and gazed down in the
tub ^{beady-eyed,} unwinking, munching his toothless gums
in rapid, wet, elastic bites, pouting out his
lips, pouching out his cheeks, like a greedy
squirrel. ^{Assuredly:} "It is ready, Kaisa Mia," he said in
Finnish, "it is ready."

With surprising agility Kaisa Mia ^{bent over and} dipped
her arm ^{into} ~~up~~ to the tub and brought up the
curiously ^{warped and misshapen} ~~shapen~~ piece of lead. From its
contour she would tell the fortune of the newly
married pair.

Kaisa Mia studied the piece of lead
intently. Then she held up her hand, ^{looked at Anne and Joseph,} speaking
slowly in Finnish: "There is much sorrow in the world, my
children - and I see ^{sadness} ~~sorrow~~ for you, and doubt,
~~misunderstanding~~ ^{misunderstanding} my children, and ^{misunderstanding} ~~misunderstanding~~.
Woe is man's lot. But I see, too, ^{plus uncertain...} finally, ~~there is~~
chance for ^{it} happiness? ... There is a chance - -"

"Old woman, ^{Wah!} get on with you. What
is this ~~old~~ old woman's talk ^{of unhappy business!} at a wedding!
On with you, ~~fast~~ one, it is time for the dance!"

It was Henry Harju, ^{grabbing broadly, as} and he and the
men heaved and tugged the woman to her feet and

towed her back^{to} the kitchen. Then the whole wedding party left for the Kalua Hall for the wedding dance.